

Chapter 1

It was the day before my twelfth birthday when I found out I was a clone. Dad and I were cleaning the car.

‘I’ve been meaning to tell you Sam,’ said Dad. ‘You are a clone. Throw over the brush will you?’

I stood with my mouth open.

‘What?’

‘The brush Sam,’ he repeated. ‘I can’t get the bird droppings off with the hose.’

‘But the other bit, about being a clone.’

‘Oh yes. Your mother thinks you should know. There’s always a risk that the reporters will come sniffing around on

your birthday. Somebody's bound to tell you sooner or later I suppose.'

'Are you joking Dad?' I hoped it was that, but my Dad never tells jokes. He's not a joke man.

Dad kept scrubbing away at the bird dropping. 'These droppings are very bad when the birds have been into the plums,' was all he said.

I dropped the rag I'd been scrubbing the wheels with, and went to ask Mum.

'Yes, that's right,' she said. 'It's no big deal. When Jack was ten weeks old we thought he was perfect, but then we became afraid that he might get sick and die. Then we thought - maybe we should

have another one exactly like him, just in case. So your father went down to the lab and cloned him. And that was you.'